

Nice Meeting You by machin

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Summary:

Steve works at Hawkins' record store during the summer of '84. It's near closing time when a customer comes in : a blonde, tan guy that Steve has never seen before.

Just a drabble around this idea : what if they'd met before school? Here's one of the million ways they could have met.

Prepare for some obvious flirting on Billy's part and Steve being flustered around hot blonde guys with piercing blue eyes.

Nice Meeting You

Author's Note:

Originally posted on my tumblr @healthilyskeptical
I hope you like it!

Steve works at Hawkins' record store during the summer of '84. After what happened with Barb... after the party at his place, and his parents finding out, he's basically been grounded all year long and doesn't have an allowance anymore. His father told him he could either come work for him at his company or find another job in town for the summer - and that would be the only place he could leave the house for. He can't go out, can't meet his friends, can't see Nance. She's been distant lately anyways... So at least Steve finds a job to relieve his boredom a little.

Selling records ain't so bad. He gets to listen to music all day long, and can at least see some faces other than his parents', even though most of the customers are either complete strangers in their forties or people from school he'd rather not see and who somehow found out he works here. Yeah... He could do without Tommy and the Pricks paying him a weekly visit to snicker at him and make a mess of the store, though. Shuffling the records, mismatching the covers and the contents... You would think after doing it a few times they'd be bored of it but it seems they find it hilarious, still. Probably the prospect of watching Steve tidying the whole store after them.

If anything they give him something to do when the day's slow and Wayne the manager is too busy napping after hitting the blunt. Steve says no whenever Wayne offers him a drag. Wouldn't wanna smell like a hippie's van and risk his parents forcing him to resign. Losing this job meant working at his dad's company for the rest of the summer. No thanks. Not until he can still choose not to, at least.

And so Steve bides his time. He reorganizes the displays, puts each CD back in its right case once Tommy and co. are gone, helps any wandering customer find their way through the mess, sometimes giving them some advice. Clean up the place, dust the shelves, take a break. Do it all over again til 7pm and get back to it at 9am the next

day. Life's alright, as far as it goes when you miss every bit of sunshine the summer sky has to offer.

Until one day when the door chimes open and some denim-clad blonde guy comes in. It's getting dark outside and it's near closing time but Steve hasn't seen a customer all day, so he doesn't mind. The guy walks around the store, looking around appreciatively, eyes falling on Steve, who's sitting at the register. He smiles at Steve and Steve feels himself blushing a little. *Wait, what the hell?* He's around his age, pretty tan which is rare enough in Hawkins, and quite good-looking, if Steve had to say. Err, but why would he though? It's not like he can feel his mouth become drier the more he looks at him. Nope. Not at all.

He watches restlessly as the guy slowly makes his way to the counter, never once breaking eye contact with him.

"Hi" he says as he leans on the counter. Deep raspy voice, gold medal dancing on his chest, clear eyes definitely devouring Steve up and down. "You got any Mötley Crüe here?"

Huh. West coast accent? Steve fumbles with his words a little at first but he manages to point where the hard rock section is. The guy mouths a thank you, winks at him, and quite frankly Steve's heart misses a beat there. As he turns towards the displays, Steve can't help but notice that those are very, *very tight* jeans - though later he would swear to god he didn't look - and watches in a daze as the guy goes through the CDs, humming to himself, nodding sometimes. He picks one up, opens it - and laughs. Steve startles.

"Something wrong?" he asks, unsure.

The guy turns to him, smiling wide.

"Is it a special edition?" he says. He's laughing. Steve frowns and the guy shows him the content of the CD case. In place of *Shout at the Devil*, there's *Madonna*. Fuck. Steve probably missed it when he was rearranging the displays earlier.

Steve wants to explain, opens his mouth and closes it and opens it again, considers the best ways to explain how Madonna and Mötley

Crüe managed to meet in this very record store. He also makes a mental note to kill Tommy H when they go back to school this september and walks up to the customer, who's visibly having the time of his life. But he can't possibly tell all that to a stranger. He's fumbling with his thoughts and the guy is not helping. Is he trying to burn a hole through Steve with his eyes? Because he's staring hard at Steve and so Steve averts his eyes, looks down at the CD, plasters a professional smile on his face but it's shy.

"It's a long story", he settles on, wincing. He wants to laugh it off but everything has been getting to him more than he would care to admit, and so he sighs. He makes to take the CD off the guy's hands but when Steve takes hold of it, the guy doesn't let go.

"Rough day?" he suddenly asks. Steve looks up. Blue eyes. What is it with blue eyes that renders him speechless? When Nancy looks up at him, all doe eyes and rosy cheeks, it makes him want to stop talking. But these blue eyes... make him forget how to speak.

"Rough *year*", he says, and the guy chuckles.

"Yeah... I can relate", he says. Steve guesses that wherever the guy's from, it's been rough for him, too. They share a knowing look, unaware of each other's hardships but compassionate anyway.

Then Steve clears his throat and the guy lets go of the CD case.

"Look, it's probably just been misplaced somewhere", he says, waving the CD case. "If you come back tomorrow, I'll have it."

The guy makes a face like he just hit the jackpot. That's when he takes a step forward, right in Steve's space, and Steve startles a little. He wraps his fingers around the CD case, around Steve's fingers and smiles.

"See you tomorrow then", he whispers into Steve's ear, and Steve shivers all over. What the actual fuck is happening.

With his eyes still fixed on Steve's, the guy takes the CD case from his hand and puts it back in the display. He licks his lips, visibly proud of the effect he has on Steve - *what a douchebag*, Steve thinks, but he

can't exactly deny it. He then steps past Steve, brushing his shoulder softly, and walks towards the exit. Steve's heart is drumming out of his chest. He turns to take one last look at the guy, who does the same.

"Nice meeting you, *Steven*", he says as he opens the door. The bell echoes throughout the empty store. "Name's Billy by the way", he adds with a wink before walking out and disappearing into the night.

Steve didn't even know he was holding his breath until he hears himself let out a long, long sigh in the silence of the store. His heart is still beating, but it's less drum-like and more *I have no idea what just happened* like. How did this guy, no, Billy, how did Billy know his name? He ponders for a while, until his eyes fall on the name tag that's pinned to his shirt, which spells his full name in red letters. He curses under his breath, making another mental note, this time to cross off the N with a Sharpie tomorrow. Tomorrow... It's weird. As he thinks about it, he can't hold back a smile.

Yeah. For the first time in a long time, Steve looks forward to tomorrow.

Author's Note:

First meetings are my favorite thing, you guys... I just like that idea that's really present in the fandom that they met before school started.

Roughly inspired by the song Hackensack by Fountain of Wayne. There's a record store in the song, that's the inspiration lol

Could lead me to write more! The song suggests that the singer is still infatuated with someone he knew when he was younger, someone who made it to L.A. and became a movie star. It's an idea I'd like to explore someday, who knows. Billy as a movie star is a **very** interesting thought, I believe...

For now I'll leave it as a one-shot and see how things go and if I'm still inspired by this idea.

Thanks for reading! Feedback is much appreciated! ♥